You haue been ſtill vnkinde to mee:
Huſ. Faith, and ſo I thinke I haue:
I did my murthers roughly out of hand,
Deſperate and ſuddaine, but thou haſt deuiz'd
A fine way now to kill me, thou haſt ginen mine eies
Seauen woonds a peece; now glides the deuill from
mee, departes at euery ioynt, heaues vp my nailes:
Oh catch him new torments, that were near inuẽted,
Binde him one thouſand more you bleſſed Angells
In that pit bottomleſſe, let him not riſe
To make men act vnnaturall tragedies
To ſpred into a father, and in furie,
Make him his childrens executioners:
Murder his wife, his ſeruants, and who not?
For that man's darke, where heauen is quite forgot.
Wi. Oh my repentant husband.
Huſ. My deere ſoull, whom I too much haue wrongd,
For death I die, and for this haue I longd.
Wi. Thou ſholdſt not (be aſſurde) for theſe faults die,
If the law cold forgiue aſſoone as I.
Huſ. What ſight is yonder? *Children laid out.*
Wi. Oh our two bleeding boyes laid forth vpon
the threſholde. (crack
Hu. Heer's weight enough to make a heart-ſtring
Oh were it lawfull that your prettie ſoules
Might looke from heauen into your fathers eyes,
Then ſhould you ſee the penitent glaſſes melt,
And both your murthers ſhoote vpon my cheekes,
But you are playing in the Angells lappes,
And will not looke on me,

Who